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Trinity College

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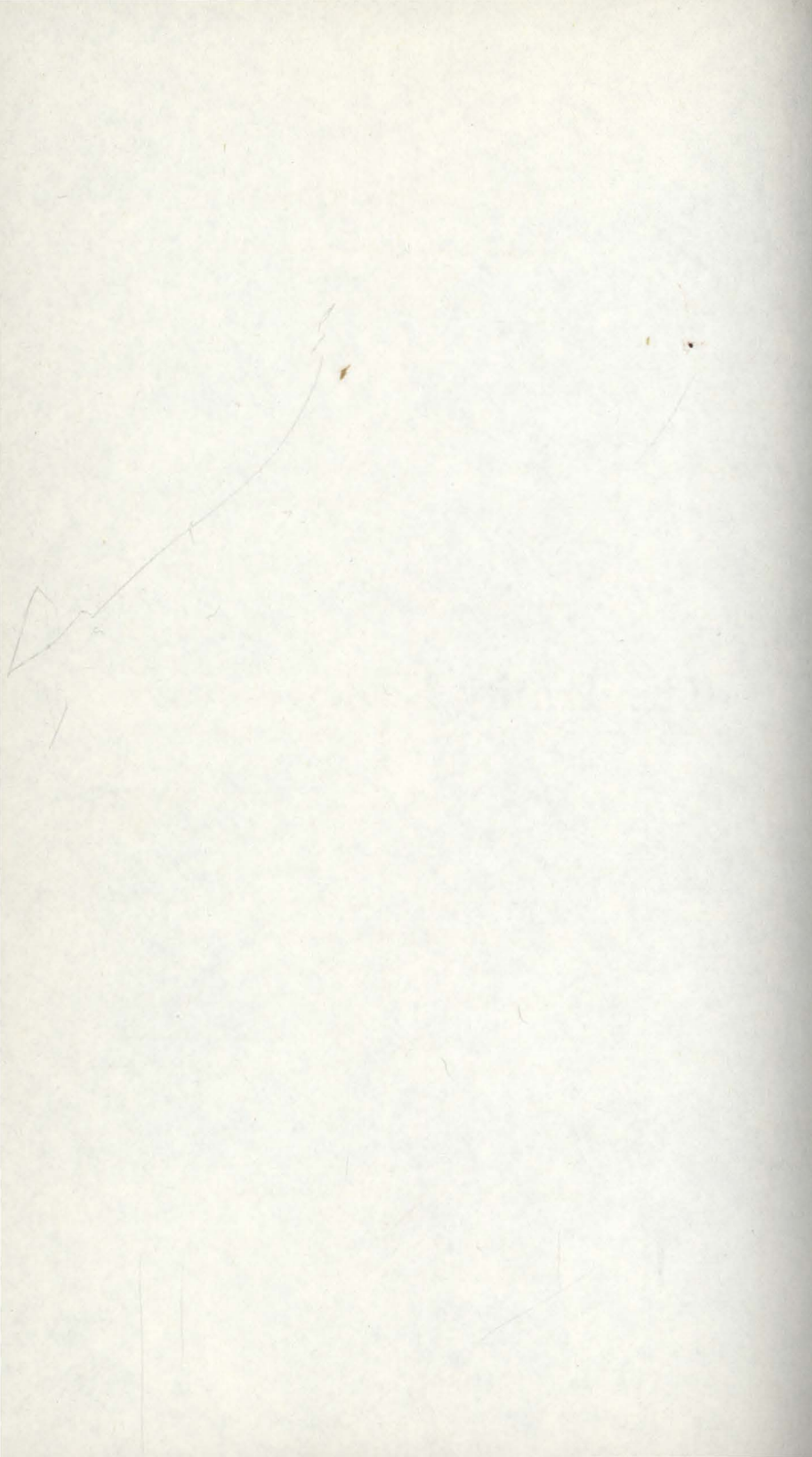
# THE TRINITY REVIEW

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NOVEMBER, 1960

# **The Trinity Review**





# The Trinity Review

*Published by the Undergraduate Students  
of Trinity College  
Hartford, Connecticut*

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*The Last Ritualist*

November mountains, I regard you from my house—  
(Red berries here, close by, connote an Indian theme  
And there the far lost smoke my memories arouse.)—  
Less than tribal I cannot be in homage to the dream.

Meticulous, the bush extends the makings of a necklace  
For some grave princess I was fated to adorn.  
Why should the fires of autumn prove me feckless  
Now I have filled the world with sacrifice since I was born?

Dreams, dreams . . . these smouldering mountains and this jeweled red  
I have tried to prove in autumn time we cannot live  
Too far from the old graves, by such smoke dispirited—  
How can we know we truly died if we repeat the primitive?

November mountains, burn, slowly and forever, patient smoke.  
I want a visual history of my deeds  
When, like a lady of my house, the beauty I invoke  
Accepts without distress a sorcery of beads.

*Charles Edward Eaton*



*Ite, missa est*

"Check-mate."

I thought he would never say it. The ugly, stupid fool.

He is smiling at me. His fat, oily face is looking at me and smiling at me.

I will not look at him.

Concentrate. There must be a way out of this.

Diagonally. Of course. That's what I must do. Diagonally. To the right. Forward.

No. His pawn will take me then. His wretched little pawn.

There is nothing to be done. I know that. Admit it.

It is over. Finished.

The beer has dulled me. This should never have happened. If I had not played so often. If I had not drunk so much.

I see his plan so clearly now. How short-sighted of me to only see it now. But I know.

"Do you play chess?" he asked me at the beginning.

"Yes. Yes I do," I said.

"Will you play some with me?"

I looked at him and in my mind I laughed aloud.

This ridiculous, fat little balding man. He looked at me so eagerly, so stupidly. A bartender. His piggy eyes blinked dumbly in their flaccid lids. The stench of his sweat and slopped beer nauseated me.

"I don't know," I answered.

"Listen, so long as you play with me in here, don't worry about payin' for no beers."

I reconsidered his request. God knows there is nobody back at school worth talking to. It would be amusing to push him around and to drink his beer.

I accepted.

I sat there in his bar evening after evening, eating his hot sausages and hard-boiled eggs, watching him squirm, watching him lose, drinking his beer. Dear God, it is sweet to observe the stupid being stupid and to feel one's own mastery being so gloriously masterful. It is the way things should be. The proper order of things.

But I have forgotten to be wary of the ritual of the idiotic. That inevitable ritual whereby the under-dog seeks to hump the over-dog.

The wretched little common man, by trickery, wins a single game, a solitary point, and deludes himself for the rest of his life as to his real value.

I am beaten. Tonight I am beaten. For the rest of his squalid existence I am beaten.

I will look at him. Yes, he is smiling. I will not smile back. I will not smile back and signify that everything is all right. It is all wrong. It is unnatural.

"Do you give boy?"

Yes, you idiot, I give. I give you a new way of thinking about yourself. I give to you the ultimate weapon for your self-evaluative destruction. Take it. Take it and be damned.

"Yes, I concede the game."

"How about another, boy?"

"No, I think not."

"C'mon now. Be a good sport. Another beer and another game."

"No. No more beer and no more games. I must be going. I've got an early class tomorrow."

"You'll be in about the same time tomorra night?"

"I don't know."

"Well, if you can make it, drop by."

"Yes. If I can make it, I'll be in."

"Hell, it's been a real ball tonight, kid. I'm doin' better, huh?"

"Yes, you're doing better."

*Charles M. Hawes, III*

*Spring Night?*

What new and intricate trees are these  
that stand where stood the black  
hulks of stark and bleakest yesterday?  
What spring-time mists are these that  
come unchilled from waning winter into  
unwaiting night to me?

I stopped to touch a taunt and  
twisted trunk that bounded strangely strong  
into a white and far-flung moon  
so doubting was I in my  
drunken discovery.  
I needed to know it real.  
For even the stars are airplane lights  
and  
there are chinese moons printed on the  
night to hang among the figured leaves.

*G. H. Mackin*



*Lament*

Here, above the rough-spun running sea  
And the wind-whipped sands, this granite precipice  
With misty hands holds, clutches me, alive  
With all I would escape.

Far, far below  
I hear the scrape of wood on sand, and through  
The fog a phantom ship with phantom men  
Gropes towards the tossing twisting sea; I hear  
The crack of waves, straining muscles tensed  
For the final lunge, then gliding free the ship  
Heaving beneath the rhythmical accord  
Of slow laboring oars.

And I remain,  
A solitary prisoner of the mist,  
Last of the Cyclopes' brothers.

*George Rand*



*The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*

by T. E. Lawrence

The ways of interpreting history vary almost as widely as the fancies or particular prejudices of the individual historian. Toynbee sees all history as a series of challenges and responses; Carlyle regards great men and their actions to be the primary historical forces; others envisage the recurrence of cycles as regular as the changing of the seasons.

Similarly, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, "a personal narrative pieced out of memory" by the Englishman who initiated, organized, and sustained the Arab revolt against the Turks in the closing years of the Great War, may be considered from a multitude of vantage points. The student of literature, especially one concerned with the Classical Humanities, might view the work as an epic in prose form, filled with basic emotions and primary passions evoked by the narrative of a wandering warrior. The young man at a British university might consider the various types of the Englishman-away-from-home, such as the cocky John Bull; the subtle, insinuating leader; and many others. A student of Middle Eastern peoples or anyone with the faintest interest in cultural anthropology would pay particular attention to the wondrous account of Arab life and character described by Lawrence. The detailed description of battle strategy and the unique tactical problems posed by the Levantine topography and personality would undoubtedly be of extraordinary interest to the military man. The young intellectual attending Cairo University might have some justification in viewing the work as exemplifying the exploitation by the "western imperialists" of the less highly developed peoples of the world.

But no reader, whether the leader of an emerging African state, a professor at some provincial English university, or an excited but somewhat isolated American student, can fail to sense the majesty that was T. E. Lawrence. If life is to be lived to the fullest, with the exuberance of the child, the sensitivity of the artist, and the self-consciousness of twentieth century man, then Lawrence may be said to have most nearly attained this ideal.

But let us not imagine that we can accurately pinpoint the essence of this man. In our western world where classification is so highly

valued and analysis so widely employed there seems hardly a taxonomic niche for this creature. Like a quickly moving wave of light, the velocity of his life is independent of the frame of reference of the observer, though the path which it describes may vary depending on one's vantage point. In any event, the light which his life emits is equally dazzling to all. He possessed, as Sir Ronald Storrs relates, an "elusive, enigmatic, and paradoxical personality. Imperious but retiring, logical yet intuitive, profoundly impressive and provokingly puckish, on equal terms with field-m Marshals and Cabinet ministers, great writers, mechanics, scholars, and slaves, he bequeathed the example of one who combined physical prowess and courage under the open sky with passionate self-dedication to the testament of the great humanities, which he chose to enjoy in poverty rather than hazard the artificiality and time-wasting servitude of high position."

Though he lived and fought for years with the Bedouins of the Arabian desert, he pictured his heaven to be "a lonely, soft arm-chair, a book-rest, and the complete poets, set in Caslon, printed on tough paper."

At one point in his undergraduate career at Oxford he dropped everything for four months to pursue with characteristic energy an awakened interest in medieval stained-glass windows. This is atypical neither of his behavior nor of his proclivities. He had always desired to be something of a creative writer. He tells us, "I had had one craving all my life—for the power of self-expression in some imaginative form—but had been too diffuse ever to acquire a technique." He also states, "The epic mode was alien to me, as to my generation." That the epic mode was alien to Lawrence is not borne out in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Like much of his generation, however, he does give us evidences of a disillusionment with purposes and ideals, which was especially prevalent in the entire western world following the Great War. Indeed, I received the impression that the author's desire to be creative and the position which he occupied between the Arabs and the English had resulted in an attitude (though perhaps not a self-conscious one) on Lawrence's part that he was a tragic hero torn between two loves.

Even the term, "tragic hero", must here be qualified. After Lawrence had committed himself emotionally to the Arab cause, the realization came upon him that his ultimate enemy was not the Turks, but the British themselves, for he recognized that "practical considerations" would prevent the kernel of the British promises to the Arabs from ever being put into effect. His wholehearted physical endeavors coupled with the realization of inevitable defeat (at the conference table, not on the battlefield) plaguing his soul, plus the extraordinary repetition of



this doulour in the latter chapters of the book (which repetition, though perhaps not being artistically in accord with "la mesure," still illustrates the struggle within him) transport the reader to a hazy no-man's land somewhere between tragedy and pathos. That this struggle does not conform to Aristotle's definition of tragedy indicates not so much that it smacks less of art, but rather more of life.

Like so many great men Lawrence fought for an ideal with the most powerful tools in his possession. That certain of these ideals failed to materialize was due to no lack of energy or ability on his part. The truism that "naive optimism leads to naive despair" is dependent so often on the *post facto* judgment of what deserves to be called naive.

*Michael S. Perlman*

*From John Donne*

Touched on the side, a gifted female touch  
Too much, the teasing scent of warm perfume  
Glistening, beckon urging lips, too much  
A moment swells the confines of our room.

Under the lamps I glow and fade away  
When each new light rears thoughts within my head  
And every darkness chases them, I say  
"Why, it is late, and you should be in bed."

The pavement falls behind and lets me go  
Dissatisfaction prods to make me move  
To seek in city streets I never know  
For what could I be seeking after love?

*Thomas R. Swift*

*Aubade*

Sun tracked clouds  
Pointed east to the day  
Early white before the crowds  
Of black gulls that sailed away  
From our laughter.  
Later on, after  
The hem of confused sky  
Lightened to become a lagoon  
Behind the flatlands, by and by,  
On barnacle-stuccoed rocks, we watched the ruin  
Of the dark, that the sun might  
Make a careless passion love with light.

*Thomas R. Swift*



*Today is Church Day.*

It's sunny today, but we have to go to church. Why do we have to go to church on Sunday? Daddy likes to. Sometimes he sings the songs, and his voice is all funny like. — — — "Yes, I'm getting up."

At the breakfast table, "Good-morning good-morning good-morning everybody. Good-morning Field, good-morning Daddy, good-morning Elizabeth, good-morning Helen."

"Good morning, Harold."

"I thought today was pancake Sunday, not waffle Sunday. Field, why do we have to eat waffles? I like pancakes."

Harold looked up at Field, his British governess, sitting tall and erect at the head of the table, across from his father. She had not sat there very long, but he knew she took care of his two sisters and himself.

"Harold," she replied, "we have to have variety in our meals."

"I'm all done. Can I be excused to play with Kim before church? Please?"

"Don't get dirty."

"Good-morning good-morning good-morning Kim. I'm going to ride my bike. We have to go to church. Come on Brat."

"Harold, don't call me 'brat'; my name is Helen."

"Okay Brat."

They bicycled through the bubbly Spring morning.

"Kim runs so fast. He doesn't get tired. Stop bike stop. I'm going to pet Kim."

"Harold, can I pet him too?"

"Okay, but be careful; he's my dog you know. Mine."

"I'll be careful, promise. Why didn't Elizabeth come?"

"She's the oldest, that's why. Besides, Brats shouldn't ask questions."

The car drove to church as man who can't pay his loan drives to the bank. Elizabeth, the eldest, sat in front, quiet, next to her father. Harold and Helen were in back, playing a game and talking in shrill voices; daring to giggle at the back of their father's head; he never got mad on Sunday before church.

Harold giggled in the pew. He's singing. It sounds so funny. Helen think it's funny too. He won't let us sit next to each other in church. Here comes that dish. It's almost over and I can go home. Where's my nickel. Field gets mad unless I put it in. Let me hold the dish. I want to. Clink.

The car drove back from church like a man drives back from the bank after he has been granted an extension on his loan. When the car stopped at home, Harold and Helen piled out and raced to the lake.



"Daddy said I could go in the canoe before lunch. You can't come Brat. It's my canoe, Daddy said so."

"But he said you could give me a ride."

"Alright, after lunch."

Harold and friend Huey sat in the canoe, watching Tibit approach in his. Tibit had a new canoe, a faster one, a red one. They had races, and Tibit usually won. "Let's race."

Harold paddled and Huey paddled, and Tibit didn't paddle fast enough. Harold and Huey won. Harold left the canoe on the bank, and ran back to tell his father.

"I won I won I won. Daddy I won. I beat Tibit in a canoe race. I have to tell Field." Feet, tramp tramp.

"Field, did you hear what I did? I beat Tibit in a canoe race. The first time. My navy, mine."

"Harold, don't forget that Huey helped too."

"Okay, I know. But I won."

They had consomme, roast leg of lamb and Bavarian Creme for lunch. After lunch Mr. Murdock told the children to go upstairs for their naps.

"Do we have to?"

"Yes, Daddy, do we have to?"

"Yes. But since today is different, we can have a short hide and seek game." The children's father lowered his voice so the children could not hear. "Field, will you stay in your room? I'm going to."

"Yes, Mr. Murdock."

"I found you I found you I found you."

"That's enough Harold. Mr. Murdock was firm, and the three children became silent. "Children — — " and then he sort of stopped. They looked up at him, confused. Three children, in the fifth, third, and second grades.

Mr. Murdock started again. "Your mother and I aren't married anymore." And then he did stop. Elizabeth crossed the room to him; Harold and Helen looked at each other. They looked at their father and Elizabeth and they scurried to Field, who was waiting, saying, "I know, I know."

She caught them both. "But she was just sick. She was coming back, wasn't she?"

*John M. Meyer, III*

*Re Dangerous Beauty*

A rose an ordered garden needs,  
or lucky scattering of weeds,  
as clouds need skies,  
as simple question marks need mysteries.  
So also gesture, glance  
can only signify within the whirling dance.  
Good looks must be seen and our best shows are dependent.  
Your isolated beauty hints of blasphemy

against us members of great It,  
against the common need to fit.  
The gayest field  
you deem unworthy to contain your shield.  
Should I, the world, accept  
my noncompletion from you, bound only to reject,  
permit one finite being to be independent—  
even your beauty so totally beautiful, totally free?

*Patrick Nagle*

*That She Was*

The poet mused upon his lady, that  
she was, one autumn like another autumn,  
that her bright candor was. To capture that  
he searched his lexicon from top to bottom.  
Was startled, trying out a metaphor,  
by her soft ways as reticent as air,  
and simpleness no word song could adore,  
and searched for words as rare as she was rare.

Still that she was still despite his pain,  
too much for any words he could allot.  
"Crystalline," "pure," buzzed vainly in his brain.  
Nothing would do. Not air, not light, not thought,  
much less words set like beau-pots in a shelf,  
can fill a space like simple space itself.

*Patrick Nagle*



*Grotesque Sonnet*

They give expensive suck. Words, words for money!  
Walking death flashes ivy grins for pay  
and pink tongues lick white words, for the green honey  
ad. men lie for all the queer pitchman's day.  
Death stares too from blue-collar eyes, but turned.  
For these are guilty, bill boards say they are  
which hold bright guerdons, warriors. Don't get burned.  
Dignity's now a frigidaire, a car.

In this moil where's the pacific discoverer,  
trapped in the fruity currents of our plenty?  
He is "in touch," rubbed in the common blur.  
He yes's with the indiscriminate many.  
Where are the heroes, responsible and silent?  
Vacationing at Westport or Fire Island.

*Patrick Nagle*

*Kaleidoscope*

The bar looked like all bars and I went in because I got the habit when I went to college of going into bars or anywhere to drink when I had a problem. I sat on the corner stool where there were people on both sides of me and when I ordered beer and a shot the bartender made me show him proof that I was eighteen and I looked at myself across the bar and thought I looked old enough to drink in a bar and that son of a bitch was probably trying to embarrass me. But I didn't care any more because I had gotten over being embarrassed about being young and if people thought just because you were young you were unable to take care of yourself and handle responsibilities they were wrong because I knew I could take care of myself as well now as I would ever be able to. So I took out my wallet and showed the bartender that I was old enough to drink and he asked me what kind of scotch I wanted and I said Black and White because that was what my parents drank and I was always used to Black and White. And I remembered my parents and how we used to sit in the library before dinner and talk and drink Black and White and we never said very much that was intellectual or required much thought but usually we just kidded each other and talked about little things. And my father used to dominate but he didn't do it forcefully. He used to sit in his big green chair that was getting lumpy and we were always quiet when he talked but we would interrupt him sometimes and he would just shut up and look hurt and we would beg him to finish and say I'm sorry and sometimes he would and other times he wouldn't finish what he had been saying but we would be careful not to interrupt him again because he was old and we respected him. And the bartender brought me my scotch and beer and I paid him and he went away and I drank the shot fast like in a western but with no breath at the end because I didn't mind the burn that much and I was always able to handle liquor since the first time I got drunk and I waited a few seconds before I drank the beer because someone might have been watching me and I remembered how I could drink with the boys at college and be better than they were even though sometimes they thought I was drunk. But they were always drunk first and that was as good as being on the football team and even better because I could do it all year long and after college who's going to play football anyway but everyone has to drink. And I thought of the first time I was drunk and I was very young but had lasted longer than Eddie and my sister said the next day that I was very funny but the Maclaines didn't think



so and I didn't go back to their house for about a month because I thought I had spoiled the party but I found out later that a lot of people got drunk there and one lady sang with the orchestra because her son had been in the Whiffinpoofs. And I remembered how my parents laughed at me when I came down stairs the next morning and my sister was telling them how I had taken champagne to all the parking attendants and I felt terrible and got sick out in the sun later that day and I didn't drink again the rest of the summer. Then I ordered another shot of scotch and the bartender asked if it was Dewar's I was drinking and I said no I was drinking Black and White and I saw him pour me a shot of Harvey's but I didn't say anything because I didn't want to annoy him but then I wondered if he was doing it for his own fun to see if I'd say anything or notice the difference. And I remembered times when I had ordered scotch or bourbon and they had given me the one I hadn't ordered and I didn't say anything because they might have gotten annoyed. I thought how it was always their fault for not giving me what I ordered but they would blame it on me or get mad and it was usually better to let it go. And then I remembered the time when my father made a mistake and I didn't let it go like I did with the scotch and bourbon. I remembered how there were several people in the conversation and when I gave Mr. Barnes his drink I heard my father say that Jack had broken both legs and I said no it was both arms and we argued about it in front of the people and then the next night he brought it up at dinner and mother told him I was right and he got mad and told me I shouldn't have corrected him because it wasn't important and I was just trying to be smart. And I remembered how I had apologized because I didn't want him to be hurt even though I knew I was right and he should have apologized. Then I drank the shot and took a swallow of beer and I saw that the man on my left was watching me and that he was alone so I nodded to him and ordered another shot and looked back at him to see if he was still looking and when I saw that he was I nodded again and said hello but sort in a low grunt so that it wouldn't seem like I was really eager to talk to him because I hate people who try to start a conversation and hang all over you and kiss your ass. But he grunted back at me and I said it's too bad it's raining and he nodded and said it had been bad all week and I remembered how my father had gotten mad the other night because I didn't want to wear a raincoat and I had told him I was old enough to know what to wear but I had worn the raincoat anyway. Then I drank the scotch and lit a cigarette and looked back at the man but he was talking to the lady who served the tables and I looked at her but she kept on talking to the man and they didn't talk to me so I drank my beer and ordered another one and said you bitch to the lady who served the tables but I said it to



myself because she knew me from before and we had talked when I had dates there but now she didn't want to talk to me. Then I went to the bathroom and on the way back I bumped into the table near the door and the purse fell on the floor and I picked it up and said I was sorry and they looked at me and said it was alright and I wondered what they said when I went back to the bar but I didn't care. And I thought about the times at home when my sister wasn't there and we had talked about her and how she was such a wonderful person and I wondered whether they ever talked about me at home but I didn't think so. And then I thought about earlier tonight when we were finishing dinner and mother was starting to do the dishes and father was putting soap in the dishwasher and I told them I was going out and father looked at me and said don't you have to go to work tomorrow and I said yes but I could get plenty of sleep and he said something about how it was stupid to go out and I thought maybe he's too old to go out but I can do it and then he said he thought I wasn't going to go out on week nights and I said since when did we make that rule and he said I was acting immature and I went to get my raincoat and I heard him go out the door to take out the garbage. And then I came back into the kitchen and he was putting the pail back into the garbage can and he saw me with my coat on and said he thought I wasn't going to go out and I said I had a date and he said I should take my job more seriously because it was good experience and I said I wasn't interested in experience but I needed the money because he gave me such a small allowance at college and he said he worked his way through college and I should be glad I don't have to and I said if you feel that way about it I'll keep on working and not go back to college and I decided right then that that was what I was going to do and he said I was immature and that saying things like that is just proof that I'm still a little boy and I said he'd still think I was a little boy when I was thirty and he said if I acted like this when I was thirty he would think so and I said you don't give me any credit for anything and if you'd stop wet nursing me you might see that I can take care of myself. And then I saw that he was hurt and I said I was sorry for blowing up and he said he was glad and whenever I felt that he was wrong I should say so and I said yes like at the cocktail party when I corrected you about the broken arms and he said sarcasm is a cheap way to prove a point and I hit my first on the counter and said now who's acting immature you're just afraid to admit you're wrong and he said calm down and that made me madder and I said it's about time I got a fair break around here and he said he'd been waiting long enough to see me get some results in my grades and maybe when I show him I can work then he'll treat me like a man and I said the people at the factory

think I can work pretty well and I've worked every summer since I was sixteen when all my friends were just travelling or having fun and now when I got the chance to see them he tells me I should get some sleep and he said it was all in my interest and I said that's a funny way to show interest and mother said please both of us don't shout and he said I was just letting off steam and I'd calm down soon and I said you just wait and see how soon I'll calm down and mother said don't speak that way to your father don't you think you'd better apologize and I said I'd apologized long enough and it's about time he apologized to me because I was right and he said yes you're always right and I said I don't claim to be right all the time but I'm right a damn sight more often than he gave me credit for and he said if I thought so I should say so and I said I hadn't said so because I didn't want to hurt him when it wasn't anything too important but I was saying so now because I'd had enough and I told him there were times when he annoyed me so much I would like to hit him and he said he and his father used to box and I said don't change the subject and he asked me what it was I wanted to prove and I said I just wanted a little respect around here and I was going out tonight whether he liked it or not and he'd see that it wouldn't hurt my job and he said alright. He just sort of shrugged his shoulders and said alright and looked hurt but I wasn't going to soften this time I was going to let him see for himself and apologize when he saw that he was wrong and so I walked out of the kitchen and my sister was there and she said it's disgusting to hear you yell like that at your father and I said mind your own business and she said mother was crying and I said shut up and she slapped me and I yelled you little bitch and my father came out of the kitchen and said who do you think you are and I said I'm sick and tired of being treated like a baby and he grabbed my wrist and I pushed him away and said keep your hands off me keep your hands off me you'll see I don't want to hurt you but you'll see. And I pounded my fist and then I realized I had pounded my fist on the bar and three or four people were looking at me so I looked across the bar at the bottles and the mirror and felt sort of like a fool for pounding on the bar but I didn't care what they thought they could think any damn thing they wanted they could go ahead and think they owned the place and kids shouldn't be in bars and they could go to hell for all I cared because I had been drinking for a long time and I could handle myself. I remembered when my father bought me my first beer in Florida and how he said it was important to know how to drink and he didn't mind my drinking if I would learn at home and a lot of my friends were jealous because their parents didn't let them drink and they found out when we got older that they should have learned how to handle liquor



because George was killed in an accident after Helen's beach party last summer because everyone got drunk and I remembered George all jarred up against the steering wheel and the horn blowing and blood and people running everywhere and the red lights spinning and the windshield all looking like a kaleidoscope. Then I remembered how my parents were mad because we had been drinking so much and how my father kept saying thank God it wasn't you thank God it wasn't you and now I wished it was me and I wondered what they'd think if I was dead and that would show them they'd see then if I was dead or I bet even if I was hurt badly in an accident they'd be damn good and sorry and I thought if I had an accident tonight my father would blame himself and they'd all be sorry and come to the hospital and hope I got well and if I had scars and a broken leg or broken ribs or something and was all cut up they'd be sorry and my mother would probably cry and then I thought I wouldn't be able to work or go back to college in time but I had already decided not to go back to college and I thought of how my father would have trouble paying the bills if I had an accident and how there might be a law suit and how he worked so hard all these years and how he had been sick and then I remembered the fight we had tonight and how I didn't care any more but I knew I did care and I remembered how my father said it's all in your interest and that was a damn fine way to show interest but I knew he meant it and I thought what would happen if I was dead and they would all be sorry and it would probably make him sick again or maybe even kill him because he would think it was his fault because of the fight tonight and he was really trying to help me but if I was killed he'd think he had done it and it would kill him and I thought oh God don't let him die and I thought of how he'd blame himself and I knew he meant well and he always thought of me and it didn't ever seem like he was trying to help until afterwards and even sometimes when he kept me from doing things that would have been alright I had always realized afterwards that he had done it in my interest and I hadn't blamed him and I thought of him dead and I thought oh God don't let him die oh God don't let him die please don't let him die oh God please I'm sorry oh God please he can't be dead oh God oh God. And then I felt the man pull me off the bar stool and he said take it easy kid you shouldn't drink and I wasn't drunk but I didn't say anything because I realized I was crying.

*Shepard C. Spink*

*No cover No minimum*

the rhesus monkey and the white mouse  
flail to a spastic tune  
spin and wheel  
    electrode in ear  
    pellet in paw  
convulsed in a spasm of shock-joy  
    as they rolled a glazed eye  
    to snatch the next partner  
    you or I

*Stephen J. Crockett*



*Glass eyes of a dissimilar hue*

Where was nowhere. Black—right off. Then there was a ceiling and soon there was a dark light and I was in lighter light. And light was dark and darker to the ceiling and that was all at first. Then I was on my back. There was a bump under the right side of my back. I was coughing. There was a lot of spittle. I was told to cough. She was black hair and red lips and medium. And over me red lips wiped spittle off my mouth. Red lips kept telling me to cough and I always did automatically and it always hurt—my chest and back. And my side hurt too from before. I wanted to be less hot and not hurt like I did and so I jerked coughs and kept hurting. Right then it was all I wanted to do and so I coughed and hurt and felt if the pain was going and it was pain and of course being pain and my pain it was not going anywhere. That is really not important because everything before was not fast and easy either. Everything was very very slow. Slow like the putt putt of the machine under the bed. Yes putt. And it was a real good putt. It was a loose soft meaty putt that sounded like it did. And it was not a silly sound but big and horribly real and big. And as long as I could hear the sound putt I coughed. Otherwise I was unconscious they told me later. And I never slept because I was too sick. And pop white shape and red lips kept putting cool wets on my forehead. They were too warm and too soggy too fast and not cool slow. But even the small coolness was big in its smallness like the loud soft sound putt. And every smallness is very big at this time a great deal. And of course the big and smallness and softness are not real to you at all because you are well and not all pain and coughing. But maybe you could sense it you know. And that's what this is all about right now.

That was first slowly. It became night to me soon. The ceiling was longer and the light brighter and very warm it was. And in the bright light there was another white that became older. She looked like she was behind a bar. And I wished she would serve me a cool wetness because I was dry coughing so much coughing. And then I saw the tiny dark pin-pricked spots in the ceiling that were in my ceiling too. And I followed them down the long to the end and saw there shapes. Shapes I had seen everywhere before in the daylight but now there were only two and they were a long way away. I did not bother with them too much because I was busy coughing and hurting and listening. Sometimes red lips would not be red and I would cough on the sheet and on my face and then would be warm and sticky like

half-melted jello. And there was nothing to drink or eat. No ice in a bowl like before. Even ice in a bowl can be nice in a bowl plastic and round. And I was very hot and hot and kept wagging my head from side to side and sometimes up with warm sticky wetness on my hair which was long and dirty and rotting in spots. Or the same warm and stickiness on my cheek and I did not care if it ran down over my chin and down my throat and into my neck. This was not the real at all. And time passed in coughing and in a cough time passed big and hot. And there was the sound beneath and it was very real and round—and not plastic but louder in its softness this sound and all. And it kept getting rounder and very all in its roundness. And it hurt to cough remember and you didn't want to cough remember and you coughed your spittle out good alot and this was all with the sound being round and all. And while this sound was getting round and round and in all the red lips were red andandand . . . Klash. The red of me in the bottle up in the dark light was dropped and broke and splashed red more red on red lips white shape. And she said damn. I liked the damn because I didn't have to cough when she said damn. And I liked her and her damn very much in their big smallness. But her red and my red were not becoming to her at all. And she took my red off and it was a good thing too because I did not like to see my red on anyone. Right now red was very red to me and to no one else red so red. And soon she said cough. In between that time and only her red I coughed and her red lips did not clean my face. I did not blame her for that or the soggy warm dampness because they were all damn and that I liked. Red was up again and going to and in me of course. And roundness was in all again by itself and only by itself was it round in me and that was all that was real and round now in the sound all.

The round was still with me later too. And this later was time coughing past me and I was damn in hearing it go by. But I did not watch it too longingly. Damn was big and bright in passing and its smallness was its bigness to me and I hated to let it go but it did hurting all the way. And I did not have its bigness and realness long but slow and fast. And all this is very real to me and its realness was all I had you see.

A tall male-shaped white came to me into my ceilinged-walled-small room. He came through the darkness to me again as he had before with my right side and he had been in brightness with my back for a while too. Now he was there beside me and then over me and the sound was all and loud in its bignesssmallness and then I felt the most pain that I have ever felt pain and then the pain was so all pain that I died painpainpain when he did what he did pain. His hand was gone inside my side—up to the wrist. Good. Better. Now. AndIdid.



The blackness was not all black. A bright hot spot of light came from my right. Another she was sitting there purple-sweatered with plain lips. Cool wets were not damp and sticky so quickly. The wet felt wet and cool longer. And other wet went down my dry throat and that was the best newness of the wet now. And there was more now. There was my pin-pricked ceiling, my closet, the sink of the hot forehead wets and dark outside my window on my right was very dark outside. Purple sweater gave me the bent glass straw to sip the cool wetness. Hurt a bit inside me as wet went down but it was not as bad as before without any wetness. A sting not pain and there is a difference you know and still a big difference to me not you I know. And time was passing more clearly.

And there were things in me. Yellow glass bulbs that were not but dull. There were things on me all the time. I do not remember much but more. The pins had been in my hands and arms and legs all yellow drip drip. Not as loud and soft as the putt right now but soon just as real. Now the yellow was dripping ever so slowly into my right hand in the vein-tunnel that was left against the outside white sheet. And I was naked and warm lying there too but not hot. I had not lost the red overhead in my right arm. The red and yellow and yellow and red and I watched them go into me and I felt damn and a warm-differently. Very warm about my red and yellow and their slowness. The putt putt was also warm in its old-sameness.

And now my bump was white were it peaked under my arm next to the sheet. And a dirty yellow snake — dirty because nothing could be seen in it — snaked and coiled just a bit up my back and behind my ear and over the pillow-edged end of the bed. Down to the putt in the wall it went and back too. And the putt was still very round even if I could only see the dirty yellow snake. You want to see everything about you you know. Even of the pain. And the hurt-coughing was still very much pain but not as real — not sting though.

And purple sweater told me to cough too and I did too but not so much or as hard as before because I was not so hot. And I hurt to cough so in my back and I did want to but not that very much. And purple sweater did not tell me as often as red lips and so I did not. Besides purple gave me ice-cold wetness first. No it was not wetness but water. Yes. And she did not drop my red either. I liked purple for her water and her non-redness. And I coughed for her when she said cough-hurt but knowing these little bignesses were part of the goodness like the putt putt and it was damn in their hurting.

The spot was still hot the putt not being as big as the spot. Purple turned the hot away when I said the spot was hot. Another coolness of

her and I remembered all these things about her and later felt sorry for the red and why she could not help being so red with mine and the coughing. And I did not think her becoming in my red. And it is not good that way at all but it goes and in going so painfully slowly it was hurt not pain.

Slowly the drip of the red and yellow dribbled in their red and yellows. When they put the red and yellow up and in the pools stuck and stickiness I did not like to see if you remember much. And stuck was big still. But stop became unstopped and slowly slithered down with the slow dripdrip. Slow down to and in me and I feel asleep that way. Asleep. And it was the slowness that put me to sleep always finally. But these are the bignesses that were important to me the hot spot and purple and slowness and all. These all are all for a while in the blackness after the bump and putt and red lips. And different in their time.

And then with the passing of purple sweater and red lips came another in the slow light of lightness at the time before purple and red again. She was yellow hair and tall. And she shuttled up the grey and in would come the bright light of the bright light. She fast and always busy and did everything very all. But she hurt me when she washed my bony thin arms and legs and chest on the front of me. And then I could see the white on the bottom half of my stomach where it pained so much when I coughed. And I was naked all the time and became less hot now but more bony thinness than ever before now that I could see the rest of me.

And one of these bright brightnesses became a morning and on one of these new mornings soon after the bump had gone down the putt putt was gone. And its bigness became its smallness but it was still a bigness to me you see. And the coughing turned to laughing soon and both hurt. And both hurt in the white of the stomach and the white of the back. And there were new bignesses to replace the old bignesses Still.

In the morning the hustling bustle began outside my pin-pricked ceiling and all. But the noise was not my noise and I did not feel it very big. But it was later on when I was not so very big to me that the outside became the in. But.

The new light was very warm because there was more to see and know about myself in the light morning that become day. I still coughed but red and purple and yellow did not tell me to cough and I began to like red and the yellow. And I did not tell myself to cough very often because I was tired of pain and did not need to pain to rid of pain necessarily. But since I still wanted to be better best and all and I coughed every once in a while and hurt but not as much as before with the real pain.



And water and morning and day and once in a while were getting-betters. Yes I was yes. And my room became an acousticated-tile ceiling. A porcelain wash basin. And a perspiring stainless steel water pitcher that sat on a roll-a-way table that stood hip high. And the window sill was to the right of my bed and was filled with flowers whose names I did not know. And the night light was a red stork-like stalk with a red helmet. The closet was a grey metal cabinet that stood behind the door.

The yellows reds and purples became white in the very bright light.

And the other shape that I never saw much of except his face and that was grey became my father in the clear whiteness of day. And he never said much when he first came and when I first knew it was him. He just came in brown suit and balding head and glasses and looked at me for a very short time. And then the time became longer when he sat in the chair beside the bed beside me. And sat there quietly for as long as I wanted. And he was silent for as long as I wanted. He looked tired and a little bit frightened and happy now that he knew that I was becoming less sick. And sometimes I napped when he was there by me. When I awoke he would be still there. And all this in silence mostly at first. He helped me with the urinal when I could not manage. He brought the wet wash-cloth when I was uncomfortable. It was his touch on my forehead at first. A touch that did not measure or chart or make cold chit chat. And this touch of his was mine and his and no one elses. I was very selfish about this touch of ours. And why shouldn't I have been?

I was a lot better you see when the chaplain came to see me. He always came at eleven thirty. He always came at lunch time and I always had to let my food get cold. Before I had not been able to eat but now that I knew that food was going to make me well eating became very important to me. And soon the chaplain began to see that my lunch meant more to me than he did to me and so he began to come in the afternoon. And this is that kind of a new day for the chaplain.

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in."

Saturday the chaplain dressed informally. Today he had on his Princeton tie a button-down white oxford shirt a cheap charcoal-grey V-necked sweater and his clerical everyday suit. He had his tweed overcoat and a navy-blue scarf draped over the crook of his left arm. He was a tall short-haired man of fifty. He shut the door with his right hand. Then I noticed a package of cellophaned-wrapped bananas, grapefruits, apples and oranges poking its end out beneath his winter wraps.



They were for me of course. He walked in front of the bed and to the window where he released the package.

"Hi there Steve," the cool pink-flushed Old Spice cheeks said. "How are you today boy. You look better everyday I see you." He sat down beside me in my father's chair. He laid his wraps over his knees. Then he reached over with both big hands and got my free left hand in his soft palms. "You look fine boy. Everyone at college is rooting for you boy."

"Thank you."

"You know Steve boy. It's a wonderful thing you're getting well. You're um sort of getting repaired. Yes."

"Excuse me, sir. Would you please let go of my hand."

"Certainly boy. Don't want to make you uncomfortable. Now where was I? Oh yes. Just the other day I received a telephone call. "Hello," said the voice. "Do you fix generators? You do. Is this the Electric Co.? No, Are you sure you fix generators? O.K. Give me your address and I'll be over there this afternoon. What! Jesus Christ a god-damn minister."

"But you see Steve", the chaplain went on undaunted. "I do repair generators. I help people to see their way over problems. To have more heart. I repair faith in people. I instill in them a healthy living spirit. I too repair generators. I repair the human heart and mind so that they will keep recharging their body. I give . . ."

"Please chaplain. I don't want to hear anymore of your stories. I don't want to hear about you and what a great guy you are and how you help other people. This means nothing to me. I'm going to get well without your help. Will you please take your bananas and grapefruits and oranges and leave me alone."

*Stephen J. Crockett*

*A Life - - - yours?*

A flock of black-spot sparrows  
flew with their backs to the sky  
waifing with a sweep  
the brown-baked bed of leaves just set to sit  
but now up again in a ruffled rush  
that twirls and toasts the veined web of wing  
until the tumble falls with a rustle a sigh  
to settle among transient travelers  
who wait away another ring-nosed ride  
to mulch

*Stephen J. Crockett*

*For the Time Being*

Yesterdays were todays  
there are no tomorrows  
for the fall flower fills out a form  
with a bud a puff and  
                    a cap-toss loss  
          lilting away in a petal-sweep  
          that rolls a dust ball  
          into a knot and then  
                    in one reckless feverish lurch  
          reals to the straight spear true  
          of a cold cleft of breath that  
                    unravels a love  
          into two naked lives  
                    and each being as orange to green  
                            is grey

*Stephen J. Crockett*



### *Confession*

The tiny Spanish pueblo was triangular and the apex was the church. "Juanita, I could not do it!" On the horizon was only the dry emptiness that somewhere came to rest upon the foothills of the twisted mountains. The heat shimmered over the cobblestone street. "Juanita, I could not do it!"

He could not have had more than twenty-five years nor her eighteen years. His desperate black eyes looked into her sparkling brown eyes and she saw his tears. "Juanita, oh Juanita, I could not do it." The priest stood upon the uppermost step of the church and looked into the plaza at the park bench and the two cousins. He saw only youth and goodness, and he silently blessed the two. "I am sorry carina. I tried. I tried."

"It makes no difference Rafael my darling. We love each other, and our blood only makes us that much closer."

"Blood. Blood" He thought; and the blood whirled around his brain. "Closer, closer." He remembered those repeated words. "Come closer, closer." He would never be able to forget them. He could feel once again the dry rust encompass, enclose and hide their sensuous movements on the Spanish clay. "No, no my cousin . . ." But although she said "no," their whole life had been "yes." As children they were placed in the same bed. They shared each other's food and the few toys were theirs together. He could still see his father and his aunt smile while the ancient gramophone sang of the moon and roses. Two children, well aware of their exalted position, danced and sang and held the spotlight that was pride and parental love. But love is like a wild fire. It burns through cords and engulfs, and suddenly man and his soul are but an ash.

Yes, yes, he thought. We love each other. Love is good. My God, how can it be bad? He saw her innocence and in it his ignorance and fear. The same blood, he thought. He looked at the steeple of the church and it towered over him, casting a shadow that slowly moved across the street. The same blood, the same flesh, he thought. He knew that it made no difference — not to him. If anything their hot blood which was the same separately was together a bond of love and lust made doubly strong. To confess, he thought, would be so easy. He suddenly turned to his cousin and yelled, "Juanita, why should I confess? Do the birds confess their flying, the fish their swimming? Why must I confess our love?" And yet somehow he knew that the priest was

waiting, the church was calling. He grabbed Juanita's two shoulders and held her tightly at arms length. "Juanita, it is a sin to lie at confession. It is a grave sin to keep one's sins from the Padre. But if we didn't sin, then there was no sin to tell of . . ." At times, she thought, she couldn't understand her handsome cousin. He was so tall, so proud, and was the pride of their family and the church. She remembered the last holy days and the processions with the statues and the gaiety. She could still see him dressed in his silver robe holding high a giant cross and leading the statues of Christ and the Madonna.

As they walked away from the park bench, he could sense the church looming high above and closely behind him. He could feel Juanita's breast brush back and forth upon his arm as they strode towards the country.

" . . . is there anything more you must tell me, my son?" " . . . anything more?" " . . . anything?" Over and over the question taunted him. Her breast touched him. " . . . anything?" The breast. " . . . anything?" Breast.

"No, nothing more, Father." And through his mind, the terrible question raged, "Dios mio, is the sin of hypocrisy mine?"

Snow appeared on the tops of the mountains and the dust vanished. The air lost its heat; but the snow melted and once again it was hot and dusty.

"No nothing more, Father." He could feel the heat of her tongue and the heat that burned deeper when he was alone without her.

"No Father. No more sins to be absolved." The empty bottle of Valdepenas stood on the table before him. He laughed. He cried.

"I have not sinned. I have loved." But from the night, from the bottle, from his mind, there came a voice,

"Your mother would say it was a sin."

"I only loved."

The voice said simply, "To them, this is a sin."

"No my God, I have loved."

"To God this is a sin."

He sat, he drank, he giggled. "I have not . . . but they say I have." He looked out of the window of the bar and saw the church. Wherever he was, the church too stood. The puzzle slipped from his cloudy mind once again, but day after day, the pieces became clearer, more definable and one slid into another until there were very few parts missing.

He lived with this growing knowledge as he lived with his cousin.



It was a churning thing and it delved to the depth of his soul. He burned with it as their bodies burned for each other. He looked at her sleeping, peaceful. Lately it had been so difficult to sleep.

Marriage was seldom mentioned, but the ideas was accepted. "How?" he asked himself. "We will have to go to Madrid. There no-one will know." He turned on himself, "Know what? What?" Deeper and deeper he probed his own mind, "If I sinned, then my gravest sin was that I didn't confess . . . No! it was love. Then why am I afraid of marriage here?"

The suitcases, old and broken, were held closed with bits of rope and string and waited on the platform for the four A.M. train that would carry them to Madrid. Rafael and Juanita stood quietly beside them. He looked at her and methodically leaned over and lifted her chin to him. She stood looking up at him with eyes wide and trusting. It was true, he thought, she had never grown up. He bent slightly and placed his lips on hers. Terror rushed upon him. His hands spastically reached for her body. Panic! Her half closed eyes suddenly widened as she was pushed bodily against the wall of the building. The sound of the far off engine and Rafael's scream formed a cry of Macabre in the gray dawn.

He was running. It was light in the East, but the light of the church steeple was brighter. He was panting. The air was solid in his lungs, but he didn't stop. Faster and faster towards the church he ran. The only sound he heard was the wind in his ears, his only sight the cathedral. He did not hear the train or see the twisting unguarded rails.

Hours later women with clay water jugs walked towards the town fountain that gurgled beneath the rising sun. They stopped and turned, for they saw the stains. They heard the steeple bells strike seven and they put down their burdens and entered the church. Down the long dark corridor between the pews they walked. Beside the confession box they saw Rafael — torn, broken, lying in blood that was no longer red, but black in the darkness of the cathedral. His hand was outstretched as if in search.

The priest came slowly unsuspecting down the aisle, lighting candles on the wall and murmuring a morning prayer.

*Bruce M. Goldfaden*



*Before The Winter Grass*

The echelon of autumn arms  
When they have mistaken  
Me for the slender rain  
With rooted charms: encountering  
The antipodes of her dried-  
Field lips as a sojourn  
Into enchantment; until  
Yes the blonde-misted  
Streets gather the farewelling  
Tendrils in the last  
Rippled effort of moonlight.  
The true-seasoned flowers  
Uproot again the portrayal  
Of sea-grass around  
The winds of departing legs;  
And the black tulips  
Behind windows have rootless  
Petals that blow through  
Auburn autumn like  
The impression on heart-wings.

But still the dust  
Of decayed daffodils and  
Wetted by this slender rain  
Speak to us in September lust:  
That tomorrow is  
The inimical pass where  
Persian autumn advances before  
The rootless soldiers of Thermopylae.

*Louis Renza*

*Bitter Sand*

Upon the sand dune crest  
The sand is chimney dry.  
Striving to mate the graceful gull,  
It is caught by the windy sky  
And cast back upon itself.  
Embittered, it would sting  
Warm faces that have long since  
Left the shore . . .

*G. H. Mackin*

*Contributors Notes*

*STEPHEN CROCKETT*, whose poetry has appeared in the Review for the past three years, now contributes a short story as well as three poems.

*CHARLES EDWARD EATON* has graciously contributed another of his fine poems.

*BRUCE GOLDFADEN*, a newcomer to the Review's pages, offers a story set in Spain, where he spent his junior year.

*CHARLES M. HAWES, III*, too, makes his first appearance in the magazine in this issue.

*G. H. MACKIN*, a member of the Review, and an erstwhile physics major, is a familiar name in the Review pages.

*JOHN M. MEYER, III*, an editor of a former freshman literary magazine, appears in the Review for the first time.

*PATRICK NAGLE*, a Harvard student from Oklahoma, has kindly offered the Review a few of his poems.

*MICHAEL S. PERLMAN*, a graduating senior and well-known figure at Trinity, contributes an essay for his first offering in the Review.

*GEORGE RAND*, a promising poet, has appeared several times previous in the Review pages.

*LOUIS RENZA*, a board member of the Review, contributes another of his poems.

*SHEPARD C. SPINK*, a newcomer to the Review, offers a fine short story.

*THOMAS R. SWIFT*, a pre-med student, is making his third appearance in the Review with two more of his excellent poems.